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NOTES AND A QUERY.

I. In relation to HANDEL.

Every person, who cares enough about music to have paid some attention to its history, knows the difficulty of following Handel's course of study and musical experience, so as to form a clear conception of the manner in which the young Saxon organ and fugue student became the giant of his age in Dramatic Music. This difficulty is not more owing to our want of biographical material than to the confusion into which the chronology of his early years has fallen. In Dwight's Journal of Music, of Nov. 14, 1857, there is an article upon a passage in Hawkins' History, in which it is suggested, and, as I still think, rendered very probable, that the young composer was in Hanover and made the acquaintance of Steffani, the Kapellmeister there, before the great Italian journey of 1707—10, and not first upon his return from Italy, as is generally accepted. I hoped that on this point we should have light when Chrysander's book should appear. But the first volume of his Biography is out, and he adopts the usual date—making Handel's first visit to Hanover in 1710. My present notes are not to Chrysander's book, but to the article in Dwight's Journal, and are corrections drawn from Chrysander and from other new sources of information.

"Of these six years," (1697—1703) says the writer in Dwight's Journal, "we know absolutely nothing beyond his having studied with Zachau, and given lessons, except what Telemann has recorded." In addition to this, Chrysander has discovered "that Handel followed his father's wishes for five years after the old doctor's death, and entered the new University at Halle in 1702, as student of law; and 2d, that the "Studiosus Georg Friedrich Hendel," who had often filled the place of a drunken fellow, Leporin, as organist in the Schloss and Dom Church at Halle, was appointed to his place for a year upon trial, March 13th, 1702. I cannot find that Chrysander shows Handel to have served after his year was out, although he shows that Handel's successor, Kohlhardt, was appointed Sept. 12th. We know that Handel did not fill the place up to that date, for on the 9th of June, or July, he met Mattheson at the Organ in Hamburg. There is nothing in Chrysander's book, so far as I have seen, that disproves the suggestion that he spent a month or two in Hanover in the Spring of 1703, where Hawkins alone sends him at that date.

Again, "Mainwaring originates the story of Handel's having made the acquaintance of Steffani in Venice." (*Dwight's Journal*.)

Chrysander seems to take every opportunity of expressing his contempt of Hawkins, but gives a great deal of weight to Mainwaring, and in this matter follows the latter. I do not find, however, that he has added any circumstance to strengthen

the statement which he adopts. As between Hawkins and Mainwaring in this matter I prefer the former.

Once more. As to the opera, "Agrippina," at Venice, Mattheson and Marburg date it, Carnival 1710; Burney and Arnold, 1709; Schoelcher, 1707; Chrysander, 1708. The writer in Dwight's Journal followed an Italian work and made it with Mattheson, 1710. Chrysander proves to his own satisfaction, from internal evidence, and by comparing the opera with the oratorio, "Resurrezione," that the Italian authority is wrong. The oratorio was written in 1708 at Rome; in the oratorio is much taken from the opera: Ergo, the opera was composed first. q. e. d.

Why not reason that passages in "Agrippina" are from the "Resurrezione"? Chrysander argues the matter, but his examples are not convincing to me. I however give up the date 1710, and admit the error in the "Le Glorie della Poesia e della Musica," but happily am able to bring forward a new witness, who confirms Burney in his date of 1709. In 1666, Lione Alocci published at Rome a catalogue of printed dramatic works in the Italian language, with the title "Drammaturgia." In 1755 this, revised, corrected and continued, was again printed in quarto in Venice. It is a strictly bibliographical work, in some cases giving the various editions of a work to a wide extent. For instance, Guarini's "Il Pastor Fido," occupies over a page, containing even a London edition of 1714. Query—an error for 1712? for in that year it was produced in London with Handel's music.

Here follow the two notices—the first from "Le Glorie, &c.," Venice 1730, the other from the "Drammaturgia."

1. Anno 1710. D' Inverno. Agrippina 441. Teatro S. Gio. Grisostomo, 56. Poesia d' Incerto. Musica di Giorgio, Fed. Hendel. Questo Drama, come pure l' Elmiro Re di Corinto, e l' Orazio rappresentati piu di venti anni sono, su l'istesso Teatro, vantano commune l'origine da una Fonte sublime."

2. "Agrippina. Drama recitato l'anno, 1709 in Venezia, nel Teatro di S. Gio. Grisostomo,—in Venezia, appresso Marino Rosetti, 1709, in 12—Poesia di Vincenzo Grimani, Patrizio Veneto, poi Cardinale di Santa Chiesa e Viceré di Napoli,—Musica di Georgio Federigo Hendel, Tedesco."

The "Drammaturgia" is better informed than "Le Glorie," for it states that the "Elmiro" was performed in 1686, at Venice, written by the same Grimani, and printed the same year, "*benche non porti il suo nome*"—(but does not bear his name). Music by Carlo Pallavicino. The "Orazio" it states also as performed and printed in 1688. "Poesia" by Grimani, "Musica" by Giuseppe Felice Tosi. The entire work is so distinguished by accuracy, so far as I can judge by comparing its statements with such as I find in other sources, that a mistake in a London edition—if indeed there be one, which is doubtful—of "Il Re Pastore" is of little importance. Although

that part of the argument in the article upon Handel's visit to Hanover, founded upon "Le Glorie," falls, it certainly seems to confirm fully Burney's date of the "Agrippina."

Be this as it may, Chrysander has not, to my mind, shown any reason to doubt that the great composer visited the court of George I in Hanover, as a young virtuoso, in 1703, on his way to Hamburg.

II. THE PIANOFORTE.

Dwight's Journal of Oct. 16, brings me a thoroughly Frenchy piece of history upon the first Pianoforte! One dislikes to speak soberly upon a point so ridiculous—but as the story is just of the kind to run through five hundred country and literary (!) papers, it needs a note or two.

Erard was born at Strasburg April 5, 1752—one century to a day before the date of the first number of Dwight's Journal of Music—and about 1768, says Fétis, came to Paris. Now let us translate from Fétis and see how his history compares with that in question.

"Sebastian Erard was not yet 25 years of age, and yet his reputation was already so well established that whoever wished to have any remarkable piece of mechanism executed, applied to him. He was esteemed by men of the highest rank. One of them introduced him to the Duchess of Villeroy, who loved art, protected artists, and who above all, had a passionate taste for music. She requested Erard to reside with her, and offered him an advantageous engagement. But he had already conceived the idea of a journey to England, and burned with the desire of executing it. He therefore only consented to remain so long with the Duchess as would be necessary to execute some projects of that lady, and an apartment was granted to him in the Hotel de Villeroy, suitable for his work, and where he enjoyed the most perfect freedom. In his old age Erard found pleasure in paying due honor to the bounty of Mad. Villeroy, and in speaking of the gratitude with which she inspired him.

"It was in the hotel de Villeroy that he constructed his first Piano. This instrument, which had been known already in Germany and England for many years, was but little used in France, and the small number of Pianos in Paris had been imported from Ratisbon, Augsburg or London. It was the fashion in the great houses to have one of these imported instruments. Mad. de Villeroy one day asked Erard if he could construct a piano? His reply was in the affirmative, and quick as thought. The piano was already in his head. Like all his works, his first piano proved him a man of invention and taste. It was heard in the Saloon of Mad. de Villeroy by all that Paris at that time possessed of amateurs and distinguished artists, and produced a lively impression. Many of the great lords urgently demanded instruments of the same kind of him; they were not however so prompt in paying for them; most of them never paid."

Fétis goes on to tell us how Sebastian's brother

came also to Paris, and how they moved off to the Rue de Bourbon and established a great manufactory, &c. Years afterward Sebastian invented an Organ-Piano, with two key-boards, and this so delighted Queen Marie Antoinette, that she ordered one. "The voice of the Queen," continues Fétis, "was of small compass, and all her music, as she thought, was written too high. Erard conceived of the plan of making the key-board movable by means of a pedal, which would carry the key down a half tone, a tone, or a tone and a half at will, and without trouble on the part of the person playing the accompaniment."

It is clear, that the wiseacre, who wrote the story of "The First Pianoforte," supposed that this name was derived from the movable key-board, which is found in many European grand pianofortes, and by means of which a touch of the pedal causes the hammer to strike but one of the double or triple strings to each note. An arrangement which probably by far the greater number of readers of Dwight's Journal never heard of before, although they think they have seen pianofortes! The name Pianoforte was given in 1725-7, to the first instrument in which the tones, instead of being caused by a point of a quill, leather, or some other substance, snapping the string, were produced by being struck by a hammer, as in all our modern instruments. With the hammer the string may be struck hardly or softly, and the tone will correspond; but the string, as it slips off a point, will always vibrate with nearly the same intensity, and the player can hardly make any difference of forte or piano.

The invention of the hammer was nearly simultaneous in Germany, France and Italy. Fétis says that Marins, a harpsichord maker, made three models of instruments, and presented them to the Academy of Science as early as 1716. No doubt, but they never came to anything.

In 1720, Bartolo Chistofolo at Florence conceived the idea of using hammers, and I suppose worked it out.

But the man who really carried out the invention into practice, was Christoph Gottlieb Schröter. He was born at Hohenstein—I suppose the village in the so-called Saxon Switzerland, which many of my readers have visited,—they will remember the huge precipices, the deep lovely valley, and the old castle on the opposite side.—Aug. 10, 1699. In his seventh year he became a singing boy in a Dresden choir, and finally member of a principal school there. His parents intended him for the Church, and in 1717 he entered the University at Leipzig. During this year both parents died, and he at once exchanged Theology for music. While in the school, he had prepared models of the pianoforte—i. e. had invented the hammer, and in 1717 presented them to the Dresden Court. He was too poor to have an instrument manufactured; but Silbermann, harpsichord maker at Freiberg in Saxony, took up the matter, and about 1726 made the first pianoforte.

So much for the Frenchman's fantasy piece. What is the old saying about drawing upon your fancy for facts, and your imagination for arguments? I do not remember it exactly.

III. A Correction.

In a semi-weekly *Tribune* which came last week, I find extracts from Longfellow's new Poem. By the way, I could wish that paper had

more such book notices and less of long serial novels; it is a little hard to pay 14 to 18 cents postage upon each number, and so often find one to two pages filled with Thackeray and Bulwer, which I can buy much cheaper in Tauchnitz's editions. I fear Prof. L. has not read Dwight's Journal carefully enough; or he would have seen full proof that Luther knew nothing of the Old Hundredth psalm tune, which was first adapted to Beza's translation some seven years after Luther's death. The name Beza in the line would be equally rhythmical, though perhaps with more of truth than poetry.

Query. Alden leaves Plymouth on Standish's errand, and his way leads through the forest, "where robins and bluebirds are building towns in the trees." Do robins and bluebirds build in the forest? I cannot affirm that they do not—but according to my observation, never.

What says T. H. thereto? What Audubon?

A Permanent Diapason.

The following letter from the Paris Correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, throws more light than we have yet had upon the attempt of the French Government to establish a uniform standard of musical pitch.

PARIS, Oct. 18, 1858.

You know the French Government is engaged in an attempt to fix in a permanent manner, by some standard, the musical diapason. I confess I did not exactly know the evil sought to be cured, nor the mode likely to be proposed. I have sought some information on the subject, and as I dare say it is not impossible some of your readers may be nearly as ignorant as I was. I condense, in as few lines as possible, all I have gathered relating to the diapason.

It seems to be proved that the rise of the diapason, or musical pitch, is to be imputed solely to the manufacturers of musical instruments. They, to give more *éclat* to the flutes, hautbois and clarinets, they manufactured, have clandestinely raised the tone. Now, when these instruments were introduced into concertos with other instruments, their masters were obliged to draw the "slip" or "slide" a little, to put them in accord with the other instruments. But as this lengthening of the tube (especially in flutes) disordered the proportions and consequently the precision of the instruments, the masters, by degrees, ceased to meddle with the slip; so the stringed instruments tightened their strings a little more than was usual, and attained a higher pitch. Then the brass (the bassoon, the second hautbois, &c.) instrument performers, finding themselves unable to rise to the dominant note, carried their instruments to the makers and had them "cut," that is, shortened until they gave the new pitch. In this way the diapason was raised in orchestras, and it soon affected pianos, which are always tuned by steel musical forks, whose prongs were filed down until they gave the new pitch.

There is no question that the pitch has risen within the last hundred years, and has risen almost equally every where, as the musical festivals of England and Germany prove. How could the orchestras of so many different places as are collected on these occasions be tuned together, were there a great dissimilarity between the pitch of Birmingham and London, or Liverpool and Durham? The differences of pitch between different cities and countries is scarcely sensible, and the largest orchestras may be "put in tune" if the "slip" of the wind instruments, whose pitch proves too high, be drawn. The musical or tuning forks, made in 1799 and 1806, &c., and the old organs of some churches show that the pitch has risen, for they are all a full tone lower than the pitch of the present day. Hence these organs are commonly called "*si* flat organs," because their *ut*, being a tone lower than the present *ut* is in unison with the present *si* flat. These

organs are less than a hundred years old. As the pitch has risen a tone in a hundred years, if it continues to rise as it has done it will rise through the twelve demi-tones of the gamut in six hundred years, and be a whole octave higher in 2458.

The ruin of the finest voices and the brief career of singers are not the only pernicious effects produced by the rise of the pitch. In the days of Lulli, that is, at the period of time when composers began to write dramatic music and operas in France, no singer found it difficult to sing the parts written in the limits then adopted for the voice. And, although subsequent composers failed to note the rise of the diapason and to write a little lower (as they should have done,) the parts written by Rameau, Monsigny, Gretry, Gluck, Piccini and Sacchini, when the pitch was nearly a tone lower than it is now, long remained easy to singers, and most of them are so still, except some passages in Monsigny's scores which were a little high for that day, and are a great deal too high for ours. Spontini, in "*La Vestale*," "*Cortes*," and in "*Olympia*," wrote tenor's parts which singers now-a-days find too low for them to sing. Twenty-five years afterwards, during which the pitch had risen rapidly, composers increased the upper notes for soprani and tenors. Then shrill, natural *uts*, as head and breast voice, and shrill *uts* sharp (it is true, as a head voice, but old composers never used them,) began to appear. Tenors were more and more frequently required to give the shrill, natural *si*, with great force as a breast voice, which would have been for the old pitch an *ut* sharp, of which no trace can be found in scores of the last century. The soprani were forced to give and sustain shrill *uts*, and the bass's part was loaded with high, natural *mi*-s. This last note, although too often used by the old composers as *fa* sharp, at the period when the low diapason was in use, was nevertheless much less used than it is now as *mi* natural. *Achille*, in Gluck's "*Iphigénie en Aulide*," (one of the highest tenor's parts in all Gluck's scores,) did not go up above *si* natural, which *si* was then the note our *la* is, and was consequently a whole tone lower than our *si*. He placed one single shrill *ré* in his "*Orphée*," but this note which was the same sound as the *ut* used three times in "*Guillaume Tell*," appears in a slow *vocalisé* in a head voice, so as to be rather hinted than hallooed, and offers neither danger nor fatigue to the singer. One of Gluck's great feminine parts contains the *si* flat given shrilly and sustained with force, (*Alceste*), which *si* flat is equivalent to our *la* flat. No composer at present thinks of hesitating to write in the prima donna's score the *la* flat and the *la* natural and the *si* flat, nay, even the *si* natural and even the *ut*. The highest pitched feminine part composed by Gluck is *Daphné* in "*Cythere Assiégée*." An air of *Daphné*, "*Ah! quel bonheur d'aimer!*" rises rapidly as high as *ut*, [our *si* flat] and the whole part bears evident marks of having been written for one of those extraordinary songstresses, found at every epoch and called "light singers," women whose voices possess an extraordinary compass in high notes. M^{mes}. Lagrange, Marie Cabel, Miolan-Carvalho, Zerr and some others, are contemporary artists of this class. Now this shrill *ut* found in *Daphné*'s part is equivalent to our *si* flat found every where at present. M^{me}. Cabel and M^{lle}. Zerr give the shrill counter *fa*; M^{me}. Miolan-Carvalho gives the counter *mi*, and M^{me}. Lagrange gives the flute's counter *sol*. How brief is the period of time during which voices which attain these notes, last! How many voices break in attempting to imitate these songstresses! How many tenors have destroyed their voice by breast *uts* and natural *sis*! And this rise of the pitch prevents performers on the horn, and the trumpet, and the cornet, from executing notes which formerly were executed by every horn player and trumpeter; as, for instance, the shrill *sol* of the Re trumpet, and the *mi* of the Fa trumpet (these notes together produce *la* to the ear); the shrill *sol* and the shrill *ut* of the sol horn (the latter note was used by Handel and by Gluck; it is considered now as absolutely impracticable); and the high *ut* of the La cornet. Hence it has been said: "Now-a-days trumpeters and cornists have no

mouth," for at every performance miscarried, broken sounds frequently annoy the ear. The fault is not with the men, but lies on the change of diapason.

It is probable the Government will not attempt to lower the present pitch, (although such a measure would unquestionably prove a substantial benefit to the whole musical world), since to effect such a revolution it would be necessary to buy new wind instruments for all of the theatres and for all the bands of the army, to say nothing of organs for the churches. All the Government deems feasible is to ascertain the present pitch and to secure it in a permanent manner. The means of doing this are simple enough. The instrument of acoustics, found in every laboratory, called "siren," enables us to count with mathematical precision the number of vibrations a sonorous body executes per second. If the *la* of the French Grand Opera be selected for the standard, (a *la* of 898 vibrations per second,) nothing would remain to be done but to place the pipe of an organ giving precisely a *la* of 898 vibrations per second in the greenroom of the orchestra of all the theatres and concert rooms. And hereafter the orchestra will no longer be tuned by the hautbois or flute, as is now the rule, but by the *la* organ pipe, and no musician will be allowed to carry his instrument away from the theatre; and any piano, wind instrument or organ offered for sale, which may be tuned above the official tone will be liable to fine; and, lastly, the Government will forbid all composers writing for the Grand Opera, Opera Comique, Theatre Lyrique and Italian Opera, from using the notes which have destroyed so many fine voices. You see, nothing less than a musical revolution is about to be attempted, if not effected in France.

GAMMA.

A NEW ORLEANS PRIMA DONNA.—We are informed by letter from New York, that Miss Emma Oakley Wilkinson, a native of our city, and daughter of one of our late and prominent merchants, is to make her debut, during the coming year, in New York, in Italian opera. She is at present a pupil of Signorina Spinola, prima donna of the Jullien and Ole Bull opera troupes.

Miss Wilkinson was educated here at M^{me}. Desrayaux' well known academy on Burgundy street, where she was a favorite pupil of that very capable and experienced music master, Mr. Eugene Prevost, leader of the orchestra at the Orleans theatre. We have often heard her sing at the frequent musical examinations given at M^{me}. Desrayaux', and her sweet and powerful mezzo-soprano voice, and cultivated style of singing, even then attracted much attention.

We learn that this young lady intends visiting our city professionally ere going to Europe, where she intends studying in the best schools of art.—N. O. Picayune.

Another Opinion on "Lohengrin" in Vienna.

(From the Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

In the case of new works, which, in accordance with the intention of this author, are meant to effect a reformation, and embody a complete system, to effect which a constant agitation is kept up by an active party, as speedily a production of them as possible, as, indeed, of every other Art-production of any value, is not only an act of justice, since an honourable judgment is due to every honourable aspiration, but it is, at the same time, an act of wisdom, because, through the ready production of a work of this description, the deceptive nimbus, which surrounds everything system actually kept from us, disappears of its own accord. In the domain of Art, just as in that of religion or politics, persecution assists pretended as well as real error, while the freedom of regular propagation and undisturbed investigation causes everything to appear in its true light.

Following out this principle, we have advocated, when addressing all our musical institutions, the production of new works generally, even when we did not agree with the artistic tendencies of their composers. The principal consideration will always be to act justly towards every vital effort, without making any exception on account of the special form under which that effort may be

exhibited. But if this first duty is fulfilled towards the composers of the present day, we must be allowed the greatest freedom in judging their efforts, and we must sternly defend those healthy principles, on which every work of Art, if it deserves the name, must be unconditionally based.

Regarded in this light, the production of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, strikes us as a very significant and satisfactory event, not as being a victory achieved by the so-called "Music of the Future," but as a first guarantee of, at least, a partial change in the system pursued at our Imperial Operahouse, where, it would seem, the repugnance hitherto evinced for everything new and unusual has, at last, given way to a reasonable mode of looking at matters of Art.

The divided and partially brilliant success of the first representation of *Lohengrin*, on the 19th August, has been unanimously acknowledged by all the Viennese critics, competent and not competent.

What a welcome opportunity for the organs of the Weimar-Leipsic party to indulge in a "Te Deum laudamus!" Vienna, which has hitherto been branded as heretical, will now probably rise in value, that is to say, in the estimation of the above party, and, by the applause it has bestowed on Wagner, have earned the recognition of its right to possess a "Future!" All assertions to the contrary, adverse criticisms, and objections will wisely be passed over in silence by the organs of Wagner's party; the applause bestowed on certain passages will be claimed for the whole work, and the success of the whole work will be claimed for the "Opera of the Future."

But we, who, perhaps, look at the matter with somewhat harmless partiality, and, at all events, are better acquainted with things here than our colleagues in Leipsic and Weimar, can only perceive, if not an intentional deception of the public, at least only a gross piece of self-deception. That *Lohengrin* was produced is a proof of the artistic feeling of the new management, a feeling which, we trust, will be extended not to the "Music of the Future" alone, but to every effort of real talent of the Present. In the fact of the public having readily come forward to welcome this praiseworthy step, we see a new proof of the susceptibility of the Viennese, and their yearning for fresh and better things. With regard, lastly, to the success of *Lohengrin*, we consider it as the merited recognition of Wagner's talent; recognition which he has achieved not through his system, but in spite of it, recognition, therefore, which is in no wise to be attributed to the new operative system, or to the so-called party of the "Future." We will at once clearly explain ourselves on this point.

(To be continued.)

Madame Bosio in Russia.

(From the Gazette Russe de l'Académie St. Petersburg, Oct. 5, 1858.)

It is truly delightful to hear Madame Bosio sing. Our incomparable prima donna appeared last week, for the first time this season, in Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*. The part of Gilda was performed by her with that artistic perfection, both vocal and dramatic, so highly appreciated by the exceedingly exacting public of St. Petersburg. We will not speak of the manner in which she was received. The enthusiastic shouts of applause of the audience lasted a quarter of an hour. It was a perfect ovation. She sang as only Madame Bosio and the nightingale can sing.

The public seemed inclined to make her repeat every piece, but was contented with encores the quartet of the last act, where the poor girl's bitter tears and her outraged father's despair are accompanied by the strident laugh of the courtesan, and the joyous song of the seducer.

Madame Bosio made her second appearance in *La Traviata*, one of the favorite operas of the St. Petersburg public. The large theatre was filled to the roof, and there was not the smallest place left unoccupied. The performance resembled a perfect artistic festival, at which all the lovers and amateurs of music, in fact, the cream of the public, had agreed to meet.

Madame Bosio appeared, and the shouts and applause, after lasting twenty minutes, were succeeded by a religious silence. The fair singer appeared as if she wished to surpass herself. Her silvery voice

resounded through the house with indescribable sweetness. Her admirable notes entered the soul and seized hold of the heart. First we had the gay creature, *sventata*, spoilt and mocking, who says, laughingly: "La vita è nel tripudio." Then, when a new sentiment has stolen into her heart, she becomes pensive. "Estrato in cor scolpito loquer accenti; saria per mia sventura un sèro amore?" Yes! it is that true and pure love which ennobles and elevates every woman. In vain does she endeavor to subdue this "delirio vano." Her efforts are useless; in vain does she try, in the admirable *cabaletta*, "Sempre libera deggio," to recover her self-possession. She must accomplish her destiny; she sacrifices everything to her lover, and expires in his arms, exclaiming: "Ah! io ritorno a vivere!"

Madame Bosio's acting and singing are beyond praise. She has now no rival in all Europe; this is a fact of which we had no opportunity of convincing ourselves last year, when we visited the principal theatres on both sides of the Appennines. In Italy, there was nothing but mediocrity; one lady is past her prime, and the other puffs away like an old clarinet. Miolan-Carvalho, Nautier-Didice, and even Piccolomini, who is so celebrated, are but poor singers compared with Madame Bosio, who is the queen of contemporary cantatrices.

Calzolari is quite worthy of singing with her. The performance was a complete success, and every person present left the theatre with that sort of sweet impression which men remember for a long period, especially if fate compels them to quit the capital and banishes them to the extremity of some distant province.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—Some time ago the director of the Conservatoire appointed a commission to examine into the merits of a new instrument, called the Baryton. The members of the commission, MM. Auber, Halévy, Panzeron, and Meifred, expressed high satisfaction with the invention, which was by M. Lacomme du Harve. The Baryton is an instrument of the violin tribe, midway in size and compass between the viola and the violoncello. Its four strings are tuned octaves to the corresponding strings of the violin; and its compass is thus lower by a fourth than the viola, higher by a fifth than the violoncello. It is held and played like the latter instrument, so that the violoncello performers can easily play upon it. Its tone has a special *timbre*, which strikes the ear, and is perfectly distinct from that of the viola or the violoncello; and thus (said the reporters) instrumental music has acquired a new organ, which, in the quintet and the quartet, will vary the effects and add a new speaker to the dialogue of instruments. It is evident, too, from what was said, that to the violoncellist it will be an addition to his own instrument; for, from its being struck exactly an octave below the violin, it will throw open to the player all the beautiful music, written for the piano-forte and violin, by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and other great masters.

[What has become of this new invention?—Ed.]

A Paris correspondent of the *Transcript* relates the following anecdote of M^{me}. CABEL, of the Opera Comique. It occurred at the little town of Le Mans, where she had gone to sing at a charity concert. There is no mistake, it seems, about that Cabel:

Shortly after she had alighted at the hotel, she saw an elderly gentleman carried into a room adjoining that which she occupied, and who had just been seized with a violent nervous attack. After she had recovered from the emotion caused by the sight, M^{me}. Cabel turned her thoughts to the object of her visit to Le Mans, and began practising the pieces which she was to sing the next morning at a public concert. When she had gone over them once or twice, some one knocked at her door. It was the chambermaid of the hotel, who came to say that her singing had produced the most singular effect on the sick person, and that the medical man began to hope that music would produce a cure. M^{me}. Cabel, on hearing this, did not hesitate a moment, and, notwithstanding the fatigue of her journey, continued singing for a part of the night to alleviate the sufferings of the temporary neighbor. Not content with this, on her day after, having sung at the concert, she returned and sang for the sick man five or six times as much as she had done before the public.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 29.—The opera season is approaching its termination. The production of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was moderately successful, but the work has created no sensation. How anybody

can place it by the side of *Don Giovanni* is perfectly incredible. It is, however, replete with beautiful, flowing melodies, and is pleasing and interesting, if only from its quaintness, and its illustrious composer. FORMES has a capital part as Figaro, and PICCOLOMINI and GHIONI sing a sweet duet that is nightly encored—or was for the two nights the opera was given. *Robert le Diable* has also been given twice, GAZZANIGA being really sublime in the last act. Piccolomini will go to Philadelphia this week to sing with Strakosch's troupe, and she will return to New York in time for her benefit, which takes place Monday next. Mlle. POINSOT appears this week in the *Huguenots*.

MESSRS MASON and THOMAS commenced last Tuesday a series of classical *matinées*, the chief feature of which was Mr. Thomas's fine performance of a *Chaconne*, by Bach—a very difficult piece, and the performance reflected great credit upon this studious and careful young violinist. Mr. Thomas is now considered one of the very best violin players in the city, and deserves his reputation.

The Mendelssohn Union repeat this week their performance of "St. Paul." The Harmonic Society will give us the "Messiah" on Christmas night.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON, a boy of fifteen, is the greatest, the most astonishing pianist we have in New York. He has already given one concert, and will give others. His style is more like Gottschalk's than that of any other pianist that has been here, and he plays with true feeling as well as surpassing execution. We are over-run with pianists—MASON, NAPOLEON, GOLDBECK, and Mesdames GRAEVER—JOHNSON and ABEL, (a new arrival) all threaten us with piano-forte recitals.

Taking up a newspaper a short time since, I read an item headed "Tragic occurrence in Milan," and as it relates to musical people whose talents have afforded me great enjoyment, I make note of it here.

For the last year or so, the sisters FERNI, two young girls, each an accomplished violinist, have been travelling around the cities of Italy, giving concerts, which were always successful. I had the pleasure of hearing them at *La Pergola*, Florence, where they performed some of their duets, between the acts of the opera, and the enthusiasm they created quite eclipsed that aroused by the prima donna of the evening. The girls are modest and intellectual in appearance—they are blondes, and though attractive possess none of that traditional beauty of Italian women; they look rather like a couple of English young ladies. The speciality of their performance is their duet-playing, which I have never heard surpassed, though they also appear as soloists, and their popularity is very great all over Italy. It now appears that some two years ago "a young and rich Sicilian fell in love with one of these sisters, and one day asked their father whether he would give his daughter to a young man possessing an income of 20,000 fr. a year. Ferni replied that he would do so with pleasure, provided the suitor obtained her consent. The young man went away without saying anything further, but a short time ago Ferni received a letter from him, asking him whether he was still of the same mind. This letter remained unanswered; Ferni repaired to Milan with his two daughters to give concerts at *La Scala*; but they had not been long there when the Sicilian called upon them at the Hotel della Bella Venesia, and repeated his suit.

"Mlle. VIRGINIA, who was the object of his passion, told him frankly that she was resolved not to marry. "Is that your fixed resolution?" asked the Sicilian. "It is," replied the young lady; on which the Sicilian rose, cast three letters into Virginia's lap and then stabbed himself with a poignard. The consternation of the Ferni family may be imagined; surgical aid was instantly procured, but there are no hopes of saving the young man's life. One of the letters, above-mentioned, was addressed to the police

of Milan, informing it of his intention to commit suicide, in order to prevent any suspicion of murder; the second contained his will, leaving half his fortune to Virginia, and the other half to one of the public institutions of Naples; the third letter was addressed to his mother, announcing that he could no longer live without her he loved." Should the frantic lover survive, it is probable he will after all obtain the lady's hand, for few ladies could withstand such a proof of disinterested, though rather silly, devotedness.

TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 23.—After three successful representations of *Martha*, and a grand miscellaneous concert for the sanctimoniously straight-laced, at the Musical Fund Hall, last week, the town has gone Gazzaniga-mad. The ovation which greeted Napoleon Bonaparte at the Tuilleries, upon his return from Elba, could scarcely have been more enthusiastic than the reception extended, last night, to GAZZANIGA, when she made her first obeisance before her legion of adorers, since her voluntary exile to the small island of Manhattan. The American success of this intensely dramatic vocalist has been of Philadelphia creation. Unheralded, unpuffed, and unknown, dropped she in upon us two years ago, at the completion of our noble Academy; and when her name appeared amid the list of daily arrivals at the Girard House,—*Mad. Gazzaniga de Malespina*—the city was by no means convulsed to its centre. Then, when she had thoroughly recruited from the fatigues of a protracted voyage, the first rehearsal took place, in the presence of a chosen circle of critics, and on the following day the accredited reviewers of the daily papers laid before the half-million population their first impressions of the new cantatrice. The majority of these Doctors spoke guardedly, and disagreed to a remarkable extent. Conscious of their inability to criticize a new candidate by the just criterions of Art, they hesitated and faltered, for fear of compromising themselves eventually. Only two of the journals wrote unhesitatingly, and claimed for her in advance the position as a dramatic singer which she now holds; I allude to the *Evening Bulletin*, and if I err not, the *Pennsylvanian*, which at that time comprised in its editorial corps a highly accomplished musician, Mr. Albert G. Emerick. Soon thereafter followed the grand opening night,—the inauguration of the Academy for operatic purposes.

Circumstances, it cannot be denied, of the most propitious nature surrounded the debut of Gazzaniga in this country. Like Spurgeon, the famous divine, whose talents were first placed strikingly before the English public by dint of his privilege to preach at the newly built and just opened Exeter Hall, in advance of all other public speakers, so Gazzaniga at the Philadelphia Academy. But for the éclat attending the completion of this magnificent temple, and the pride which, on its account, swelled the bosom of every Philadelphian from that blasé individual, the oldest inhabitant, downward, the peerless G. might never have bowed before even a corporal's guard. As it was, however, five thousand elegantly attired persons waited breathlessly for the rising of the curtain on that night. The Opera was Verdi's *Trovatore*, and in it the subject under present notice "came, saw, and conquered." She swept the stage with all the intensely dramatic energy of a Rachel, and sang,—well, she sang just sufficiently well to manoeuvre her sympathetic voice to the enhancing of her splendid histrionic abilities. From that time onward, Gazzaniga made a footstool of the Philadelphia public. Thousands hung breathlessly upon her slightest movements, during the entire brilliant season which followed. What though she took the most unwarrantable liberties with the time, metamorphosing positive allegro movements into languishing *ad libitum* passages; what though she transports soaring cavatinas into a lower-world contralto compass;—the

many headed public for the most part sat in blissful ignorance thereof, and those few who did know it, cared not a tinker's execration about it, so long as they wept with her in *Traviata*, or thrilled with horror at the flashing of her eyes in *Lucrezia*.

In view of all these things, little wonder then that, despite the merciless storm of last night, Gazzaniga should have excited a tumultuous furor. When, after the introductory choros, and the solo of Orsini, the gondola, freighted with the hateful Borgia, slowly glided into view, the assembled thousands greeted their adored Prima Donna with a prolonged round of applause, which I have rarely heard equalled, and which so thrilled the recipient with affecting emotions, as to suffuse her eyes with tears. Then at the end of the first act, when BRIGNOLI led her before the curtain, the waves of popular enthusiasm surged higher than ever, and hundreds arose from their seats to pay homage to her, standing. Bouquets of the most expensive texture, (and *bona fide*, this time) fell in showers upon the stage; sufficient to have filled a donkey-cart, and plenty to spare for chorus, orchestra, &c. Old men stood up on tottering knees, and stamped their canes, until their silvery hairs vibrated again: and their wives and daughters stood by them, glowing with admiration. Lobby dandies clapped, until their kids ripped into dangerous rents, and the corns on their feet grew red-hot from stamping in pinching patent-leathers. Little Letherhead, whom I introduced to you in a former letter, and who picks his teeth between the acts, standing in the parquette, exclaimed near me: "Hey! Hey! Gathancegath's the gal for us!"

Let me remark in conclusion, that the Opera passed off tolerably well. Gazzaniga acted the part of *Lucrezia* splendidly, but her voice seemed slightly hoarse. Brignoli sang well; Amodio, tolerably; chorus and orchestra, as usual, badly. MANRICO.

HARTFORD, CONN. NOV. 27.—I have no concert to write about this time, excepting the one of the KATE DEAN troupe, which was about to be given when I last wrote, and which turned out to be a fine success. I do not know when I have been so much pleased with a company of concert-givers as I was with them—not only in their performances, but in their whole deportment. They had a most enthusiastic reception here, and gained a heap of friends. I trust that should they ever visit Boston, for the purpose of giving a concert, they may be greeted with a large audience. Somebody told me yesterday that Mrs. E(A)STCOTT and SQUIRES were to give a concert this week. I hope it is so. They were fine singers before they went to Italy—they should be far better now that they have returned. I am sure they will draw a good house if they do come. Thus we hail everything in the musical horizon with delight, from this isolated spot,—waiting patiently to be transported.

Oh ye that live in the great pent-up cities of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, that breathe the whole winter long the delicious atmosphere of fine and classical music,—that swallow during the season a heap of splendid Beethoven Symphonies, stacks of magnificent operas—spiced with Piccolominis, Gazzanigas, &c., &c., what think ye of us poor dogs, who are content to partake of the musical crumbs which fall from your tables,—hearing now and then a great performer of note(s)—hardly daring to criticize on our "own hook," but thinking just what the "New York papers" say must be true,—although some one having the audacity, may put out his head and publicly state, that "the singer has a fine voice, but it needs cultivation!" (How harrowing to an artist's feelings.) I say; what do you think of us—of our few opportunities of listening to good music? *Sans* oratorios, *sans* operas, *sans* symphonies, *sans* string-quintets or quartets, *sans* anything,—a wonder that we have even a slight taste for the refined and beautiful in music.

Music, music everywhere,
And not a note to hear.

And there you sit, Mr. Editor, and tell us country readers, with the most vexing complacency, in your "chit-chat," how you are on tip-toe at PROLOMINI's advent in Boston; of the splendid operas which are to be given, &c., &c.! and how Carl Zerrahn has completed his orchestral arrangement for his series of Symphony Concerts; and then nearly drive us mad by coolly informing us that the "PASTORAL SYMPHONY" would be brought out at the first concert! Oh the delightful sensation of being in the country!—"Ervachen heiterer Empfindungen bei der Ankunft auf dem Lande." Vide the 1st movement:

All. ma non troppo.



Since writing the foregoing, "something has turned up," and I hasten to give you the important information that Hartford has been blessed with an opera,—not a full-fledged Academy-of-Music one, but a twenty-by-nine opera (somewhere near the dimension of the stage at Touro Hall,) given by the LUCY ESTCOTT troupe. To be sure, the "orchestra" was only in keeping with the stage, for it consisted of MR. JAMES G. MAEDER, who acted as conductor and orchestra combined—playing the accompaniments on a fine-toned "Hallett and Davis Grand." Still the performance was evidently quite pleasing. All ideas of a curtain were dropped; and scene-shifters, prompters, call-boys, choruses and chorus masters, &c., were entirely done away with, as being totally unnecessary in the existing exigencies of the representation. The whole thing, excepting the admission, was "free, open and above ground." The opera, the first evening, was Wallace's "Maritana," produced in full costume by Mrs. Estcott, Miss Heywood, Messrs. Squires, Durand and Bowler. Of course it was not fully brought out, and might be more appropriately called, on the occasion, a "drawing-room opera;" but it gave a few of our citizens an idea of what an "opera" is, and therefore, did all that it was intended to do.

I was a good deal disappointed in Mrs. ESTCOTT's voice,—(why doesn't she spell her name as she used to with an "a" in the first syllable?)—most of her tones, in the middle register, being quite husky and unpleasant. Her execution, however, was brilliant and florid. Miss HEYWOOD has a very rich contralto voice, but is an inferior actress. MR. HENRY SQUIRES must have had a most shocking bad cold, or he has lost the fine organ he possessed before he went to Italy. His performances were unsatisfactory. Of Mr. BOWLER I have nothing to say as regards his singing; he acted creditably. MR. DURAND has a rich barytone of great power. He sang magnificently. "Sonnambula" was given the second evening, and an act or two of "Lucrezia Borgia" the third. Poor Mr. Maeder put the heroine, Lucrezia into an extremely sorrowful plight just after her "dear son" had expired from the effects of the "pizen," by losing his place and presence of mind just at that critical period, and not being able to recover either of them; and there she stood, with her face deep buried in sorrow and her hands, waiting for the "orchestra" to strike up, that she might sing of her affliction. But the "orchestra" could not find the proper key for her to give vent to her "pheelinks," not even after the "prompter" had sung out from behind the platform: "E flat minor!" Meantime, all that was mortal of her son "Elvino" had quietly "departed and went;" and peeping out from her hands, and seeing no chance for "E flat minor" to come to her assistance, Lucrezia precipitately rushed from the stage, quickly followed by the disconcerted "orchestra!" You may well imagine the effect upon the audience of such a denouement.

Upon the whole, we have to thank Mrs. Estcott for giving us so good a taste of opera in Hartford, but if she visits us again, we would much rather hear her in a straight out-and-out concert.

A new music association, called the "BEETHOVEN SOCIETY" has lately been organized here, with Prof. E. G. DAVES, of Trinity College, as President; Mr. JAMES G. BARNETT, as conductor; Mr. GEORGE WHITING, organist; Mr. F. C. STERNBERG, pianist; and W. H. D. CALLENDER, Esq., Treasurer. I trust it will be a permanent thing. We have musical talent enough, if that's all, to ensure its success.

H.

BERLIN, Nov. 8.—Dear Dwight,—Among the constant attendants at all the best concerts here is a gentleman from Baltimore, who, for the second time (the third?) has come over just to spend the winter in this city and hear the music. When spring comes and the season is over, he steps aboard a steamship and returns home.

Another is an old friend of yours—who, by the way, complains of your long silence—a pioneer in the good cause of chamber music and the Music Hall in Boston, who is also here, with his family, for the music. He tells me that he can live cheaper in the very excellent hotel, where he is, than in his own house in Boston. Now why should there not be fifty just such cases from the musical circles of our cities? People come over in crowds every year to Paris, Florence, and Rome, to spend the winter in the indulgence of their peculiar tastes, at a far greater expense, if I am correctly informed, than it would be for the lover of music to come here and gratify his. You see I go upon the assumption that Berlin is for music what Paris is for fashion, and Florence and Rome are for painting and sculpture. I will show you that it is so. During the last three weeks—in which I have been prevented from writing to you by the Boston Library business—the musical season has fairly opened, and that, too, most richly. Let me take things somewhat in order.

Opera.—Your regular Berlin correspondent has at times complained of want of enterprise on the part of the directors, for continually reproducing so many of the old operas. This is very natural for a man whose home is here, and to whom such works have been familiar from childhood. But for us, who have never seen any opera adequately put upon the stage, even the most flimsy work of the weakest school, and whose whole experience is confined to a range of some dozen or fourteen, the fact that the Berlin Opera gives us standard works of all schools, all produced with equal care, even to the smallest details, is just that which renders it for an American the most interesting and valuable operatic institution in the world. The directors, it seems to me, are wise in this, as the crowd of strangers, which one always sees at the performance of a standard work, shows. To show how catholic the direction is in this regard, and what an opportunity it gives us to compare schools and styles, see this list of performances during the last few weeks:

Oct. 5. Sophie Catherina; Flotow.

" 7. Zauberflöte; Mozart.

" 8. Lucrezia Borgia; Donizetti.

" 10. Macbeth, by Taubert; which, I am told, contains much really fine music, and is a success, for which I am heartily glad, the Kapellmeister's efforts hitherto not having been successful with the public. I have not heard it.

" 12. Martha; Flotow.

" 15. Vestal; Spontini. (Magnificent!)

" 19. Figaro's Marriage; Mozart.

" 21. Robert the Devil; Meyerbeer.

" 24. Don Juan; Mozart.

" 26. Merry Wives of Windsor; Otto Nicolai.

" 28. Tell; Rossini.

" 29. Belmont and Constanza; Mozart.

" 31. Merry Wives of Windsor.

Nov. 2. Troubadour; Verdi.

" 4. Barber of Seville; Rossini.

" 5. Tannhäuser; Wagner.

" 7. Masaniello; Auber.

How does it strike you? The trouble is that it is a superfluity of richness; one is so often in doubt whether to go to opera or a concert. Three or four times a week, on off nights, a new ballet, "Flick and Flock's Adventures," which is having an immense success, has been given all this time and seems likely to last the winter.

Out at Kroll's a company from Königsberg, which has a delightful soprano, has for many weeks been giving a series of light operas, many of them being translations of the favorite works of Auber, Mehul, and others of the French school, to full houses.

Oratorio.—The usual series of three concerts by the Singakademie offers Handel's "Joshua," Bach's great Mass in B minor, and Haydn's "Seasons." The first of these has been given, and caused me great delight, both by the excellent chorus singing and by the opportunity afforded of enlarging my acquaintance with Handel, of whom the work, though not a "Samson," or a "Messiah," is worthy. The Society has no organ, and as additional parts were not added for the orchestra (Liebig's), at times the accompaniments were thin. Handel always made up for the small extent of the orchestra of his time by playing the organ—and where this instrument is not at hand there is a necessity of adding modern wind instruments, or we do not get his full idea.

Besides the regular series, the Akademie announce an extra concert, at which Bach's "Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit," and Cherubini's Requiem will be sung.

The Schneider Singing Society has given Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" in the Garrison church, and now advertises "The Resurrection of Lazarus," as I am told; the advertisement has not yet appeared in my paper.

I am sorry to see that Stern advertises as yet no oratorios by his singing society, for from no other source have we any hope of hearing Beethoven's great Mass in D, and Ninth Symphony entire. The Society gave on Saturday evening a private concert in honor of Mendelssohn, singing the Lobgesang, but no ticket was sent me, and none were for sale; of course I did not hear it.

The Dom-chor, that extraordinary choir of men and boys, announce their series of three concerts, at which one has opportunity of hearing the works of the older Italian masters, Palestrina, Lotti, Allegri and the like,—works of which you will soon have correct copies in the Public Library—thanks to the wisdom of the directors.

Three or four years since I wrote you much and very eulogistically of the fine mixed concerts, arranged and conducted by that enterprising man, STERN, in which orchestral, vocal, and virtuoso music were so admirably mingled. These we shall miss this winter, but as a substitute to some degree, a series of three, of which two have already been given, has been brought to performance by ROBERT RADECKE. The first of these had the following excellent programme;

Overture to Meeresstille, by Mendelssohn.

Concerto for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello with orchestra, Op. 56, by Beethoven.

LAUB played the violin, GRUETZMACHER, of Leipzig, the 'cello, RADECKE the pianoforte, and LIEBIG's orchestra the accompaniment. Of the work it is sufficient to say it was by Beethoven. The solo playing was of the very first order. I hope hereafter to make you better acquainted with Laub and Grützmacher; of Radecke I will say now that he is a young man, I should judge not yet thirty; a Silesian by birth; received his musical education at Leipzig, passing his examination in 1850, and being in 1852-3, for one year, at the head of the music of the Leipzig theatre, after which he came and settled here. When I

was here three winters since, he gave with Grunwald, a young violinist, a series of concerts of chamber music which I did not hear.

What he is as a musician, the following extraordinary fact will give an idea. At the *Prüfung* of the Conservatorium of Leipzig, in October, 1850, Radecke, in one evening, played the solo parts in Schumann's pianoforte, and Mendelssohn's violin concertos, and then directed the performance of a symphony of his own! Since his residence in Berlin, Kapellmeister has produced another by him at the great Sinfonie Soirées. There is a probability that you will yet know the name of Robert Radecke better. But I am far away from my concert!

The third number on the programme was an air by Bach, sung by Herr SABBATH, a noble bass of the Dom-chor, with obligato violin, played admirably by Laub—who is indeed one of the great violinists. After this followed a virtuoso performance on the violoncello with orchestra by Grützmacher. I think him the finest 'cellist I ever heard.

The second part of the concert was occupied by a cantata—"dramatic poem"—after Ossian, for solo, chorus and orchestra, composed by—as a matter of course almost—by Gade. The argument, as printed in the text book, is as follows: Comala, the daughter of Sarno, king of Innistore, so goes the legend, had conceived a consuming passion for Fingal, king of Morven. Fingal returned her love, and Comala, disguised as a warrior, followed him in an expedition against Caracul, king of Lochlin. On the day of the battle, Fingal parted from Comala, left her upon the mountain behind, whence she could behold the battle, and promised in the evening, after the victory, to return to her. Comala waited with gloomy foreboding the return of Fingal; the storm arose and swept around the mountain, and upon it rode the ghosts of former generations, on their way to the battle-field to lead the souls of the slain to their new abode; she mistakes the purport of their appearance, and supposes the battle lost and Fingal slain. The shock is too great and she dies. But Fingal had conquered, and when evening came, returned amid songs of triumph from his warriors; but the victors were met by the damsels of Comala singing lamentations over the death of the beloved one. In sadness and sorrow the king called upon the bards to praise her in their songs, and the choruses of the virgins and bards went with the soul of the deceased to the home of her fathers.

I liked it very much, and should the project ever be fulfilled of giving a series of united orchestral and vocal concerts in Boston, I should expect to hear this. There is great opportunity for orchestral painting, which Gade has well taken advantage of. The effect of the whole is somewhat sad, but one hears it and feels the charm of the old Ossian passion, which at some period of our literary lives we have almost all passed through.

Radecke's second concert was given last Friday evening, and was one of very high interest. Three numbers were new on the programme to nearly the entire audience, and the other as good as new. The three were, 1st. The Serenade composed in 1780, for 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bass horns, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, violoncello and contrabass—a delicious work and finely played by members of Liebig's band. 2d. "*An die ferne Geliebte*," a set of six songs which belong together, and are expressive of varied emotion—a work full of feeling, and very well sung by Herr SCHNEIDER, who has lately played in several performances of the opera-house. CLARA SCHUMANN played the accompaniment. 3d. Symphony No. 2, in C, by Schumann—on the whole, the most interesting symphony I have heard from him—and one which many who heard it, call one of the very richest works since Beethoven. The other—good as new—was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, for piano forte and orchestra, the solo played by Clara Schu-

mann. Quite a delegation of Americans was present and all agreed as to the perfection of the performance. For my part, her playing on the whole gives me more real musical enjoyment than that of any other pianist I have heard. Our friend A, referred to above, thinks the same, and he, you know, is a better judge than I. The enthusiasm with which I wrote of her three years ago in your paper, was not misplaced. Could you but make it pay her to visit Boston!

A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 4, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

What is "Classical" Music?

II.

We endeavored a few weeks since (see Journal of Nov. 13) to break ground a little towards furnishing an answer to this question. We own to having made but little progress. The further one proceeds, the clearer it becomes that such a question defies definite solution; that there is an essential vagueness in the phrase "Classical Music," by which even the most intelligent use of it is not entirely unencumbered. Be it understood, however, that our task is not to show what music should and what should not be accounted classical; nor what *ought* to be meant by "Classical Music"; but simply to define, if possible, what *is* meant; to note the various uses of the term in common parlance, and try to drag to light the notions and distinctions more or less implied or latent in the various applications of the word.

We hear "classical" music opposed to "light" music, as if it were a thing more solid, serious, earnest, of deeper import, dealing with greater subjects, stirring deeper feelings, taxing higher powers of appreciation, than the mere music of an hour's amusement, the waltzes, polkas, variations, trifling or weakly sentimental songs, light operas, &c. So it is, for the most part, but not invariably; for many operas, which are light in subject, in dramatic contents, are yet classical by virtue of the genius, the imaginative faculty, the exquisite beauty and consummate mastery of Art evinced in them; such, for instance, as the "*Marriage of Figaro*," the "*Barber of Seville*," and other *jeux d'esprit* by masters so superior that every thing they do acquires a certain odor of this same classicality. And is not the lightest, playfullest Scherzo in a Beethoven Symphony as classical as any part of it?

Again, we hear classical opposed to *popular* music, as if it were something not meant for the many, but for the few—for cultivated tastes—for "the appreciative"—for those in whose life-plan music holds so serious a place that they have deemed it worth their while to *learn* to love what there is best in it, and not remain content with what is easiest, or what it is the fashion of the day to like and be amused with. For the most part it is so. And yet much of the most learned, complex and artistic music;—much that does not cease to be a study with the earnest music-lover and musician while he lives, is also popular, inspiring and delightful to the masses, when given a fair hearing. What shall we say of Handel's "Messiah," of the 12th Mass of Mozart, of the "Creation" by Haydn, of the opera "Don

Juan," where it has once got tolerably well known, and does not suffer in the representation? Nay, even the C minor Symphony, played by a noble orchestra, has held the largest audience breathless with delight, exalted above common life, above themselves, as certainly as standing face to face with the great mountains or Niagara. Many a time it needs no learning to appreciate the beautiful and grand results of learning. What the scholar alone can write, if it be true, if there be *life* in it, we all of us can feel. And so of much of this fine music, which we hear coupled with the bugbear epithet of "classical"; give it a fair chance, offer a fair exposure to its sunshine, and all of us, who have a sense and soul for music, whether we understand it learnedly or not, are pretty sure to feel its warmth, and find it "meets our case" by rendering back to us a portion of our best life, that daily ebbs away amid the sands and shoals of miserable routine.

"Classical" music in the sense of *learned*, elaborately complex, highly artificial, as opposed to *simple*; of *pedantic*, as opposed to *natural*, spontaneous, captivating; of music in certain *forms*, cast in certain moulds, or woven into certain textures, as the contrapuntal and fugue structure in choral or concerted pieces, organ music, &c., and the Sonata or Symphony form in instrumental composition, as opposed to the *free fantasia* style, so common in these days of *virtuoso* exhibition, scarcely recognizing any principle of form; and finally in the sense of *old*, time-sanctioned, as opposed to modern, has already been considered. Perhaps if we consider what has made the music that is old "still live," what has made the fugues and the Sonatas that are so learned and so difficult, and so beyond the comprehension of the many, still the more valued the more truly musical one's taste becomes, we shall get at the essential meaning and intention of the term "classical," as used in all of the above senses. Meanwhile, before summing up, we venture to recall some hints upon this topic written by us a long time ago.

In Music the "classics," the cherished models and text-books of the classes, are of comparatively modern date. Yet music, like literature, has its classics, its established models of form and method in the art of composition. It finds them in those brave, inspired old geniuses, in whose hands the rude music of nature gradually grew into the wonderful forms of the music of Art: the men, whose musical creations were a practical unfolding of the germs of music, according to their innate divine laws of proportion, combination, harmony, into full and perfect forms of Art. In them natural music became scientific, learned; that is, in their works we find the *principles*, the eternal laws of music best illustrated. It is no longer a vague, wild, æolian harp-like phenomenon, floating about the world in mysterious snatches of melody; but its principle of order has been found and logically developed; and now a piece of music is a connected discourse, in which a melodic theme is unfolded, treated, brought into relation with kindred themes, and woven as a *motive* or primitive fibre into a complex organic texture. Those who first did this (working of course in an ascending series of greater and greater successes, from Orlando Lasso, through Palestrina, through Bach and Handel, up to Mozart and Beethoven) of course wrought earnestly. They had got hold of the genuine thing.

Mere fashions, weak aspirations after novelties and specious effects, had no part, or at least a very small part in their labors. Hence they could always be appealed to as genuine: *Das ist das wahre!* (that is the true thing!) said Beethoven of Handel. And all the more modern music, however various in form and spirit, however antic and fantastic in its attempts at novelty, even to the Paganinis and De Meyers, rests on this classic ground-work of culture. To make musicians, the works of the great contrapuntists must be studied. Counterpoint—*Punctum contra punctum*, point against point,—is the derivation of the word. It describes a composition in several parts or voices, note answering to note, each part having its distinct individual movement, yet all together intertwined into a beautiful, complex, harmonious whole. Canon and Fugue followed by the logical necessity of things; for this very logic of nature is itself a fugue; and the fugue principle, variously modified and more or less distinct, runs through all nature and all Art. Fugue is the form of free, harmonious motion, type of the infinite everywhere in the finite; set water in motion and you have wave chasing wave, which is a fugue. These old masters got hold of this principle of nature and wrought it out gloriously into their works, their fugues and choruses, their masses and oratorios, their sonatas and symphonies.

Those of them who adhered most strictly to the principle, and were least drawn off by tempting fashions and popularities of the day, naturally became the classic models for musical students. Palestrina, Bach and Handel especially so.

Now some are narrow and pedantic enough to limit the term classical to these, and to think nothing sound which wanders far from them. They forget that genuine Art must have two attributes; one is learning, but the other is inspiration, genius; one may be acquired, the other cannot. Bach, and Handel, and the later names whom we call classical, were all men of genius; if they have all met in certain common principles of Art, because all so profoundly true to nature, which is one in all its infinite variety, still they have each wrought from a decided individuality of genius. Mere imitation of their form and manner cannot make one classical; for what makes the models themselves classical, is that they imitated no one, but sought the real laws of Art, whether in the labors of their predecessors and masters, or in new experiments of their own. They made nature, Art, the soul, God, their master.

This element of genius admitted, together with the perpetual change of circumstances, local and historical, and we see that the term "classical," to preserve any good and worthy meaning, must constantly extend its arms and take in wider and wider varieties. It is absurd to limit it to a certain number of old masters, and to later copyists of them. Thus we approximate by a negative process to a clear and sensible use of the term.

Musical Libraries.

Dear Dwight.—The experience which I had as a sort of under-librarian, with the late Dr. Harris, at Cambridge, together with the observations I have made in, and what I have learned from various sources of the great libraries of Europe—all this has impressed me with the conviction that the two greatest objects of a public library are: the collection of books which are too costly for private persons to own,

and the preservation of such as are not worth owning by a private person. There are so many, many books, which once in half a century for some one person have an immense value, and through him for the public, but which are not otherwise worth the room they would occupy on the shelf, that I consider among the best institutions of Utopia—when that land shall at last be discovered, that which has for its object the preservation of worthless books. Hence I wish devoutly to see somewhere preserved (in our own line) a complete collection of all the collections of psalmody, which, like leaves of autumn, are continually falling.

But more important for us is it, that some public library should have a collection of the old classics upon the theory, history, and practice of music. No private person with us can well afford to own them, nor are there many who would find much inducement to use them—but here and there one will appear whose tastes and studies will lead him to make such a use of them as shall make them of public advantage.

As a matter of personal profit all that tends to awaken and increase the public interest in music is of advantage to the practical musician. The writer upon music creates a demand for the composer and performer; the latter opens a way for the writer—all are equally interested in having a good musical library in the city.

The conductors of the Public Library in Boston have made quite a handsome appropriation for the basis of a musical collection, but in the multitude of branches of learning, literature, and art, which they must see to it are represented in this collection, the means fail for an extensive expenditure at once. A comparatively small sum annually will add the more modern music and musical books to those they already have. But unless the rare opportunities can be embraced, when old collections happen to come up, no money or pains will enable us to acquire the ancient classics. Such I call the Italian and German writers—nay, the English also—of the period from 1475 to 1725. Since 1845 I have examined London Antiquarian catalogues for certain works on music in vain.

Just now there is a collection for sale in this city, of which, I am sorry to say, the possessor knows the value, and his prices will be for many of the numbers high. But the great libraries of London, Edinburgh, Paris, and several of the German princes want many of the books, and will pay immense prices for single ones. The opportunity of purchasing many of them—old Italian, Latin, and German works, such as occasionally are of the highest value to the student, but not directly of use to the public—is the first I have known since I began to interest myself in this matter. Now is there any way in which the musicians of Boston can be brought to see that it is for their interest in the long run to have such a basis for a musical library? If so, why can they not arrange a concert to raise funds for its purchase, and establish an annual concert for the increase of the collection? In Europe government collects pictures, statuary, books, everything that the people can ask as a means of studying science, history and Art. In our country almost all must be done by the voluntary act of the people. Can the musical people be depended upon to do anything for their Art? I have good reason to think that a handsome offer for the whole would not be refused. One library only needs the whole.

Berlin, Nov. 9, 1858.

A. W. T.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A tribute to the memory of the late JOHN LANGE, one of our best musicians, and very highly esteemed as a teacher and as a man, who died Nov. 8, in this city, shall appear in our next.

OPERA! The Opera is coming. The great ULLMAN TROUPE, with PICCOLLOMINI, and LABORDE and POINSET and GHIONI,—with FORMES, BRIGNOLI, FLORENZA, and other tenors, baritones and basses,—with an orchestra of from forty to fifty instruments, according to the requirements of the piece,—with the same large and well-trained chorus as in New York,—with a repertoire including all the famous operas there given,—and with most piquant fashionable prices, which we suppose everybody will be fashionable enough to pay, by way of "treating

resolution" after valiantly confessing poverty and not subscribing to cheap orchestral and other concerts;—for all this the manager pledges himself in his grand manifesto in our advertising columns, omitting however, some of its gems of eloquence which will be found in the daily newspapers. Next Wednesday is the opening night, the first of the "Piccolomini nights," when the fascinating little Countess will appear in *La Traviata*. On Friday we plunge into the thick of the business with the grand opera, the "Huguenots," for the first time in Boston, when the three other prime donne will appear, with FORMES in his great part of Marcel. Of course we shall have the "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," and "Robert le Diable," and more famous things as long as purses shall hold out. We believe there never has been in this country such an operatic success as that of this same company this past month in New York. . . . CARL ZERRAHN commences his rehearsals this week, and we suppose the evening of the first Orchestral Concert will soon be announced. . . . Dropping in at the Museum the other evening to see a portion of the new and brilliant spectacle of "Sinbad the Sailor," we were struck by the originality and beauty of much of the music, composed for it by Mr. EICHBERG, the conductor, who gives some exquisite violin solo passages in the course of a moving panorama.

CARL MOZART, the second and only surviving son of the great Mozart, died at Milan, on the 30th of October, in his 80th year. He left the bulk of his property to a religious society, after distributing valuable mementoes among his friends, and providing almost munificently for the future comfort of a faithful servant. For the last forty representations of "The Marriage of Figaro" in Paris, he had received the sum of 8,000 francs. . . . VERDI is at Naples, directing in person the rehearsals of his opera, *Simon Boccanegra*. . . . The foreign papers are not yet weary of reporting or of manufacturing ROSSINI anecdotes and bonmots; among the latest this is good enough, whether it be true or not. The composer, being asked by a friend why he never went to any lyrical theatre, gave, amongst other reasons, the following: "I am embarrassed," said he, "at listening to music with Frenchmen; in Italy or Germany I am sitting in the pit, and on either side of me is a man shabbily dressed, but who feels the music as I do; in Paris I have on each side of me a fine gentleman in straw-colored gloves, who explains to me all I feel, but who feels nothing! All he says is very clever indeed, and it is often very true, but it takes the gloss off my own impression—if I happen to have any."

A German paper (the *Regensburger Zeitung*), speaks in glowing terms of a new musical work by a valued contributor to our Journal, Dr. ZOPFF, of Berlin. We translate a few sentences: "No recent event in the world of Art here has excited such an interest among cultivated people, as the performance of the final scene of Märcker's *Alexandrea*, set to music by Dr. Zopff. Our large and beautiful Arnim's Hall was filled with a rare audience, composed of honored statesmen, artists, and men of science, such as no work has brought together since the days of Mendelssohn. There was our venerable Nestor, Humboldt, with other learned men, attracted by the antique theme and execution of the work; there, two, were Meyerbeer, Grell, Schneider, and other musical celebrities; the leading members of the stage, the diplomatic corps, &c., who also listened nearly three hours with singular attention to the work as performed by our best court opera singers and players. Great as was the impression produced by this work in the concert-room, where it was given as a 'Requiem on the death of a hero,' with the title, 'Funeral solemnities of Alexander the Great,' especially by its large polyphonic features, it is still better suited for scenic representation on the stage; its grand military processions, its dramatic fire, its extremely animated recitative, and dreamy southern melodies make Dr. Zopff's work a highly effective stage piece."

New Music.

(By Russell & Tolman.)

Ave Maria, composed by A. BENDELARI, pp. 5.

The common Latin words of the Catholic prayer to the Virgin, with English version, are here set to music of a chaste, religious character. There is much power and beauty in the melody, with due abstinence from those cheap common-places of Italian opera which singers so delight in. After a few solemn church chords, the words *Ave Maria* are twice intoned slowly in the plain old *canto fermo* style; and then the melody flows forth naturally upon a well-contrived accompaniment. We leave it to the singers to compare it with the *Ave Maria* by Cherubini and by Robert Franz.

The Echo: Waltz for Soprano Voice. A. BENDELARI, pp. 9.

This is the brilliant piece of concert vocalization composed by Sig. Bendelari for the remarkably flexible and bird-like voice of his pupil, Miss ARBY FAY, a very good likeness of whom adorns the title-page. Yet while the aim is vocalization the piece being full of echoes, trills, runs, arpeggios, &c, there is a little poetic song-thought running through it,—a pretty melodic subject, taking the form of a waltz, with suggestions of mountain air and distances in the accompaniment. It will be good exercise for bird-like sopranos.

Fine Arts.

Ruskin On Education In Art.

(Concluded from last week.)

The facts of which it is necessary that the student should be assured in his early efforts are so simple, so few, and so well known to able draughtsmen, that, as I have just said, it would be rather doubt of the need of stating what seemed to them self-evident, than reluctance to speak authoritatively on points capable of dispute, that would stand in their way of giving form to a code of general instruction. To take merely two instances: It will perhaps appear hardly credible that among amateur students, however far advanced in more showy accomplishments, there will not be found one in a hundred who can make an accurate drawing to scale. It is much if they can copy anything with approximate fidelity of its real size. Now, the inaccuracy of eye which prevents a student from drawing to scale is, in fact, nothing else than an entire want of appreciation of proportion, and therefore of composition. He who alters the relations of dimensions to each other in his copy, shows that he does not enjoy those relations in the original; that is to say, that all appreciation of noble design (which is based on the most exquisite relations of magnitude) is impossible to him. To give him habits of mathematical accuracy in transference of the outline of complex form is, therefore, among the first, and even among the most important means of educating his taste. A student who can fix with precision the cardinal points of a bird's wing extended in any fixed position, and can then draw the curves of its individual plumes, without measurable error, has advanced further towards a power of understanding the design of the great masters than he could by reading many volumes of criticisms, or passing many months in undisciplined examination of works of art.

Again, it will be found that among amateur students there is almost universal deficiency in the power of expressing the roundness of a surface. They frequently draw with considerable dexterity and vigor, but never attain the slightest sense of those modulations in form which can only be expressed by gradations in shade. They leave sharp edges to their blots of color, sharp angles in their contours of line, and conceal from themselves their incapacity of completion by redundancy of subject. The assurance to such persons that no object could be rightly seen or drawn until the draughtsman had acquired the power of modulating surface by gradations wrought with some pointed instrument (whether pen, pencil, or chalk) would at once prevent much vain labor, and put an end to many errors of that worst kind which not only retard the student, but blind him;

which prevent him from either attaining excellence himself or understanding it in others.

It would be easy, did time permit it, to give instances of other principles which it is equally essential that the student should know, and certain that all painters of eminence would sanction; while even those respecting which some doubt may exist in their application to consummate practice are yet perfectly determinable, so far as they are needed to guide a beginner. It may, for instance, be a question how far local color should be treated as an element of chiaroscuro in a master's drawing of the human form. But there can be no question that it must be so treated in a boy's study of a tulip or a trout. A still more important point would be gained if authoritative testimony of the same kind could be given to the merit and exclusive sufficiency of any series of examples of works of art, such as could at once be put within the reach of masters and schools. For the modern student labors under heavy disadvantages in what at first sight might appear an assistance to him, namely, the number of examples of many different styles which surround him in galleries or museums. His mind is disturbed by the inconsistencies of various excellence and by his own predilections for false beauties in second or third-rate works. He is thus prevented from observing any one example long enough to understand its merit, or following any one method long enough to obtain facility in its practice.

It seems, therefore, very desirable that some standard of Art should be fixed for all our schools; a standard which it must be remembered, need not necessarily be the highest possible, provided only it is the rightest possible. It is not to be hoped that the student should imitate works of the most exalted merit; but much to be desired that he should be guided by those which have the fewest faults. Perhaps, therefore, the most serviceable example which could be set before youth might be found in the studies or drawings rather than in the pictures of first-rate masters; and the art of photography enables us to put renderings of such studies, which for most practical purposes are as good as the originals, on the walls of every school in the kingdom. Supposing (I merely name these examples of what I mean) the standard of manner in light-and-shade drawing fixed by Leonardo's study, No. 19 in the collection of photographs lately published from drawings in the Florence gallery; the standard of pen drawing with a wash, fixed by Titian's sketch, No. 30 in the same collection; that of etching, fixed by Rembrandt's spotted shell; and that of point work, with the pure line, by Durer's crest with the cock; every effort of the pupil, whatever the instrument in his hand, would infallibly tend in a right direction, and the perception of the merits of those four works, or of any others like them, once attained thoroughly by efforts, however distant or despairing, to copy portions of them, would lead securely, in due time, to the appreciation of other modes of excellence. I cannot, of course, within the limits of this paper, proceed to any statement of the present requirements of the English operative as regards Art-education. But I do not regret this, for it seems to me very desirable that our attention should for the present be concentrated on the more immediate object of general instruction. Whatever the public demand, the artist will soon produce, and the best education which the operative can receive is the refusal of bad work and acknowledgement of good. There is no want of genius among us; still less of industry. The least that we do is laborious, and the worst is wonderful. But there is a want among us, deep and wide, of discretion in directing toil, and of delight in being led by imagination. In past time, though the masses of the nation were less informed than they are now, they were for that very reason simpler judges and happier gazers; it must be ours to substitute the gracious sympathy of the understanding for the bright gratitude of innocence. An artist can always paint well for those who are lightly pleased or wisely displeased but he cannot paint for those who are dull in applause and false in condemnation.

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